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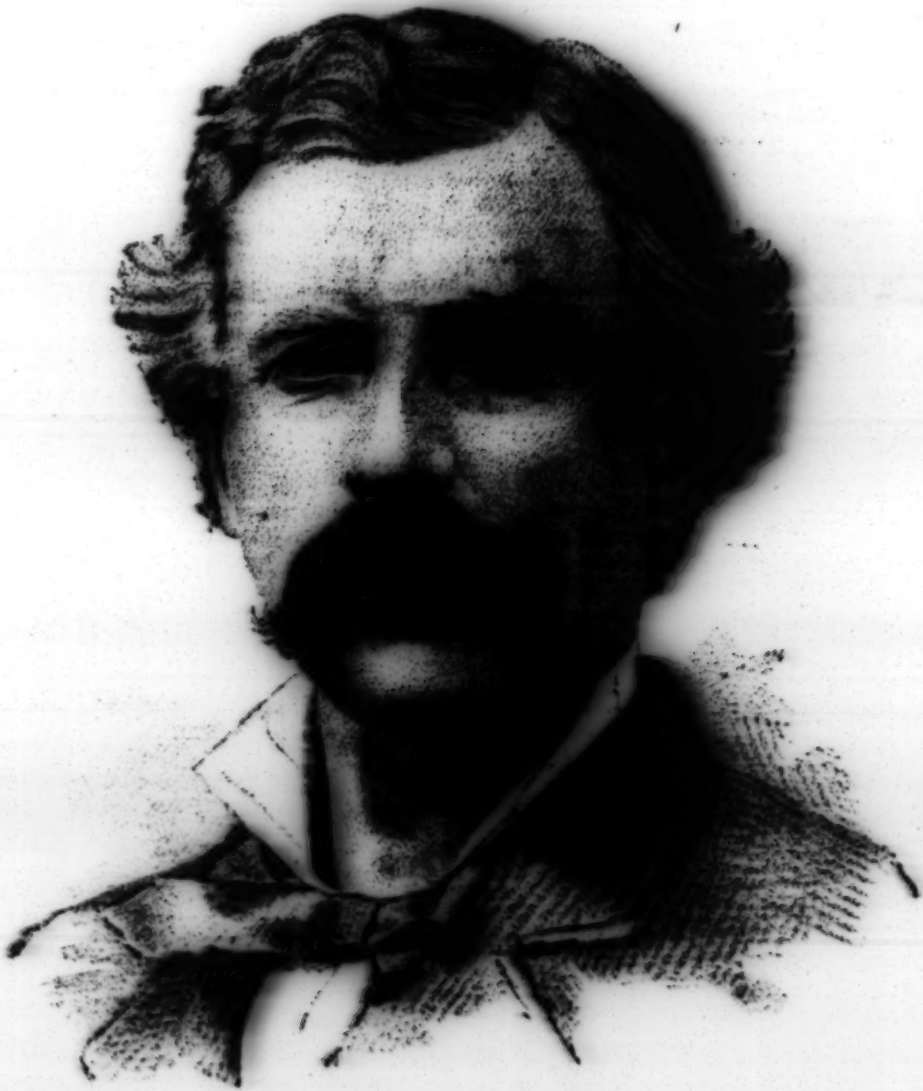
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At the Theatres.



The audience which greeted John McCullough as *Virginius* at the Star Monday evening by no means filled the house, but the favorite tragedian was warmly welcomed and his acting received generous applause. That the fatigues of travel and continued ill-health have told upon Mr. McCullough was noticed at the outset. His form is thin and wasted, and his voice and action have lost the vitality which was their glory. Nevertheless, this did not detract a jot from the exquisite tenderness of his scenes with *Virginia* or the nobility and impressiveness of his bearing toward the tyrant *Appius*. In manner as in feature, McCullough is the ideal Roman, grand in pose and carriage as in sentiment and speech. If, at this late day, when he has been accepted by press and public as the perfect dramatic embodiment of the heroic soldier and loving father, it is permissible to find fault with a generally admirable impersonation, we would say that the tragedian has neglected to imbue the lines of *Virginius* with that delicacy of meaning of which Macready, Forrest and several other of his predecessors found them susceptible. His reading lacks light and shade, especially in the quiet, colloquial passages of the early scenes. Mr. McCullough should not forget that deliberateness and dignity are two very different things, and that a monotonous utterance denudes the beauties of the text. In other respects we have naught but praise for this *Virginius*, which, despite the evident ill-health of our erst vigorous tragedian, is by far the best impersonation of the robust type on the stage today.

The *Idylls* of Joseph Haworth was a capital performance. Although this gentleman's personality is naturally better suited to modern comedy than the legitimate drama, he has overcome the disadvantage, and by his excellent use of a sonorous voice and fine, sweeping gesture makes one forget that his mien lacks the essentials of a tragedy actor. In the forum scene Mr. Haworth declaimed and acted with such impassioned feeling that the audience broke into hearty applause and later on called him before the curtain. He is one of the most promising young men before the public, but he is by no means without faults. Like McCullough, he has neglected to acquire the subtle accomplishments of the player. His emphasis, accentuation and inflection are defective. In the lofty walks of the drama these are as essential to perfection as anything else. Force is one of Mr. Haworth's virtues, but it is force let loose, smothering the significance of the author's lines and confounding the sense of the spectator. There is so much that is commendable in his acting that we hope he will strive to rectify this error. Study of and conformance with Hamlet's advice to the players should teach Mr. Haworth all that he is in need of learning.

Mark Price played *Appius Claudius* fairly well. H. C. Barton was a wretched *Caius*. Since when has this gentleman discovered that the Romans wore moustaches, and chin-beards? Dentatus was finely acted by Mr. Langdon. The Numitorius of J. H. Shewell was effective. Nat Goodwin's brother Edward played a soldier. His armor glittered more than that of his superior officer.

Viola Allen displayed unmistakable talent as *Virginia*, and in appearance realized the fair young virgin. But too much praise is spoiling the young lady, and she has fallen into the errors of artificiality and extravagance. She has not apparently been informed that *Virginia* is not the leading part in the play. She looks sweet and innocent, however, and she has, moreover, the ingenious self-confidence of extreme girlhood. Mrs. Augusta Foster, a splendid actress of the old school, did the important character of *Servia* in a manner worthy of emulation by other members of the company. The play was adequately mounted. A little more spirit should be instilled into the Roman populace. In the fourth act much depends upon the acting of the table.

After *Virginius* has run its course Mr. McCullough will appear during the rest of his six weeks' engagement in a number of his favorite roles. Among other plays *The Gladiators* and *Brutus* are announced.

The *Hanlons* returned to New York and appeared at the People's Monday evening in *Le Voyage en Suisse*. The house was packed up stairs and down, and the entertainment immensely delighted the spectators, its hearty laughter and lots of applause may be taken as an indication. William and Frederick Han-

lon were very amusing as the servants John and Bob, and their acrobatic antics created wonder. E. V. Sinclair as *Dumfriesdown* was excellent. He is a very clever comedian. R. F. Carroll as Patrick McGuire was also good. The other parts were capably rendered by E. F. Nagle, John Hawkins, Emily Keon, Emma Field and others. A quainter merrier performance than that given by the *Hanlons* and their associates would be hard to find.

Next week Shook and Collier's Lights of London company will be seen at this theatre.

A big audience greeted Robson and Crane at the Grand Opera House, Monday night, and the comedy, *Sharps and Flats*, in rather the manner in which it was played, kept the people in an almost incessant roar throughout the evening. Mr. Robson as Cutler Sharp, and Mr. Crane as Dullstone Flat, about equally divided the comic honors. The company gave the stars efficient support. A. S. Lipman was very good as Captain Everett, and Charles S. Dickson as John Pemberton displayed his ability as a light comedian. Matt Snyder, John K. Mortimer and F. E. Ambrose filled minor parts capably. Leonora Bradley was charming as the Widow Loundes, and Emily Baker and Mrs. Mary Myers acquitted themselves creditably. Next week, *Boarding House* will be done. Len Grover, the author, is in town, and war is declared between him and Robson and Crane.

Warranted lasted only a week. It was taken off on Monday and *The Member for Slocum* substituted, the burlesque, *Those Belles*, being retained as a preliminary *lever de rideau*. George R. Sims' comedy was acted in this city by the Goodwins a couple of seasons ago, when it failed to make a particularly favorable impression. Nevertheless, it is a bright and frothy little piece, enabling both Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin to display their humorous talents. As *Orestes* Epps, the former kept the house in pleasant spirits. Mrs. Goodwin as *Arethusa* lent valuable aid to her husband. William Herbert and Mrs. Brutone contributed to the enjoyment of the performance. The audience was small. The Member for Slocum will be continued until next week, when *Hobbies*, the Goodwins' old stand-by, will be played. On the 17th Confusion will be given here by Stetson's company, and on the 24th Edwin Booth's engagement begins.

Oliver Doud Byron had a large audience at the Third Avenue, where he made his appearance Monday night in his old stand-by, *Across the Continent*. Mr. Byron's acting in this piece is so generally and favorably known that there is no occasion to dwell upon it. He was followed with interest by the assemblage and liberally applauded. The company gave excellent support.

Boucicault played *Conn* at the New Park Monday before a good-sized house. The company is the same as that we noticed a short time ago on the occasion of their appearance at a down-town theatre.

The principal features of the show at Tony Pastor's this week are Ella Wesner, Ferguson and Mack and an afterpiece called Dan Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland, in which a lively glove-fight is given. A visit to Pastor's is certain to ensure a delightful evening, for the performance is always novel, amusing and clean.

The minstrels are making out very well at Niblo's. They will be succeeded next week by Shook and Collier's Storm-Heaven company, with all the original scenery. This combination did an immense week's business not long ago on the West side. It remains to be seen whether they will be equally successful down town. Messrs. Poole and Gilmore announce that they have two or three novelties in preparation for their patrons.

Lady Clare is an emphatic success at Wal-lack's, where the attendance has been extremely large. No wonder that the Guv'nor, recreating among the Florida groves, sends word that he is becoming rejuvenated. A solid dramatic triumph he finds is far more efficacious than Ponce de Leon's fabled Florida fountain of eternal youth, which, between us and the door-post, our favorite manager more than half expected to discover when he wended his way to the land of the orange and the allegator.

There is a new comedy in course of incubation at the Comique, but it will not be hatched out, in all probability, for some time to come, inasmuch as *Gordelia's Aspirations* is drawing nicely.

The prosperity of *Separation*, now finishing the sixth week at the Union Square, continues unabated, and the bill will not be changed before the close of the regular season. A fine play and a superb cast never fail to attract the best class of metropolitan play-goers.

The flourishing *Alpine Roses* bloom fragrantly in the Madison Square conservatory, where the chilling influence of Lent is not felt, although the locality has certain religious associations. The dramatic bouquet of the M. S. will be further increased in a few weeks by the production of another piece with a floral title.

Mr. Helasco's *May Blossom*. It is highly commended by those who have examined the manuscript.

Confusion, having run to the end of its tether at the Comedy Theatre, will be withdrawn on Saturday. Next week Peck's *Bad Boy*, who is familiar to us through the newspapers, will be introduced to New York at this house in dramatic form.

The Musical Mirror.



Friday night *Orpheus and Eurydice* at the Bijou will celebrate its tenth representation. *La Vie* is being got into readiness, chorus and principals rehearsing daily.

The Merry War is merrily fought nightly at the Casino before large and fashionable bodies of spectators, who manifest greater interest in the struggles of the contending factions on the stage of this beautiful home of light opera, than they do in the distant battles of the British and Soudanese. Mr. Leslie, Miss Post and Miss Cottrelly are winning new friends constantly by their clever work in this production.

The Princess Ida is drawing only moderately well at the Fifth Avenue, and Mr. Stetson thinks of placing it elsewhere and bringing another attraction to his house. Nothing has been decided, however.

An Ex-Shoe Clerk's Cubbishness.

The Planter's Wife company played recently in Cleveland at Manager Ellsler's theatre. The engagement was not marked, so far as the relations between combination and local management are concerned, with that *couteau cor-diale* so essential to harmony and good feeling. The *Plain Dealer*, a newspaper which always bears out the significance of its name, gives the particulars. It says: "Sixteen years ago a young clerk in the employ of Wetzel, an Ontario street shoe-dealer, attracted attention among his acquaintances for his retentive memory and elocutionary powers. Manager Ellsler heard of the young shoe-clerk, and discovering in him the stuff from which good actors are made, educated him for the stage. The shoe-clerk's name is Harry Lacy and the number of ladies who remember him as a polite and attentive salesman is legion. Lacy's engagement at the Academy in the Planter's Wife gave those who know him an opportunity to compare the ex-shoe-clerk with the actor, and the comparison in every case favored the shoe-clerk.

"Harry Lacy is a victim of what is known as 'big head.' Fortune has smiled upon him and has thus spoiled a good actor. His once urbane and gentlemanly demeanor has given way to conceit, overbearing and an inordinate amount of self-love. No sooner had he made his appearance in the box-office of the Academy last Monday than he attempted to assume the active management of the house. Almost his first remark to Treasurer Shannon was a grand kick against bill-board and lithograph paper. People who allow lithographs to be posted in their windows receive tickets of admission in return for the privilege, and it was against these that Mr. Lacy's wrath was directed.

"I don't play to any deadheads," was the remark he continually dinned into Mr. Shannon's ear, although he himself plentifully sprinkled the house with free paper to his personal friends.

"At last Wednesday's matinee two women, each accompanied by a small child, paid their way into the theatre. Mr. Lacy, in his role as generalissimo, stood beside the doortender, and when he saw that no tickets had been bought for the children he informed the women that the little ones could not be admitted. Before anything could be done about the matter Lacy was called away, and during his absence the doortender sensibly allowed the women to pass. A few minutes later Lacy returned and immediately instituted a search for the women. He found them already seated, and, regardless of the impropriety of the proceeding, told them that they must pay for the children. The women had no more money, and Lacy, the gentleman *ex-shoe-clerk*, compelled them to leave. The women made their way out, crying.

"Last Friday evening Lacy was again at the door, a holder of a lithograph ticket, duly stamped, presented himself and was about to pass in when he was accosted by Mr. Lacy, who brusquely said that the ticket was not valid.

"That's all right," said the doortender to the ticket-holder, unimpressed by the august presence of the great Lacy. "My orders are to pass all these tickets."

"At this Lacy made a rush for the box-office, for the purpose of remonstrating with Treasurer Shannon. "Your doortender has passed a lithograph ticket against my express orders," he angrily exclaimed.

"That's right," coolly said Mr. Shannon, making change at the window.

"I want to know who is running this show," hissed Lacy in the most approved blood-and-thunder hiss.

"I don't know," said Mr. Shannon, "and I don't care, but you are not running this house."

"I am not going to play to deadheads," exclaimed Lacy.

"That would be a new departure," said Mr. Shannon, still busy selling tickets.

"Unless every deadhead in the house is

put out," fairly shrieked Lacy, "I won't have the curtain run up."

"I don't care a fig about your threats," replied Mr. Shannon, "but you may rely on it that I'll hold you to your contract."

"The curtain went up and the audience remained in blissful ignorance of what might have been the consequences of Lacy's malice but for his fear that his stuff would be attached. At Saturday's matinee he ran up and down behind the scenes like an insane person, blaspheming and swearing. He invoked all sorts of direful misfortunes upon his own head if he should ever be caught again playing in the Academy. Assistant Treasurer Hartman, to whom the last remark was addressed, told him that his declarations were wasted, since there was no earthly chance of his ever getting any more dates at the Academy. Mr. Hartman being of good physique and not easily bluffed, Lacy very discreetly backed away.

"In a number of other ways has Lacy shown a mean, quarrelsome disposition, succeeding in making many enemies. It is a pity that an efficient and gentlemanly shoe-clerk should have been transformed into an actor of mediocre ability, a man of very small calibre."

It is no disgrace to have begun life as a shoe-clerk, a counter-jumper or even a chirpologist; but when a man has risen above such a position and attained to the dignity of an actor and manager it scarcely becomes him to part with that courtesy and politeness which were his chief recommendation in the humbler sphere. A person who has passed his youth in gracefully trying on boots and buttoning ladies' shoes cannot be excused for behaving like a boor when fortune has smiled upon him. Although he may have been familiar with "up-pers" he has no right to be uppish. Solemnity should be one of his inseparable attributes. The *Mirror* administers this "tap" in the hope that Mr. Lacy will realize how well the "cap" fits him, and that this will be the "last" time it shall be necessary to urge upon him the desirableness of half-soiling his manners.

Shakespeare in Another Light.

Shakespeare sympathizes with all ages. His vast genius permeates all conditions of humanity, and penetrates the recesses of all the essential arts, habits and pursuits of mankind. At present we are to regard him in his relation to music.

That music was much cultivated in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth there is ample evidence, and gentlemen then were commonly able to perform on the instruments in fashion. Shakespeare glorifies music in many passionate passages. Indeed, the dramatist's accurate knowledge of music makes him introduce into *King Lear* a technical phrase, which sorely puzzled the academic commentators.

Our own is also a musical epoch; let us see how far the great dramatist meets its requirements. Among his contemporaries he was pre-eminently lyrical—three centuries have passed—has a lyric power superior to that of Shakespeare been exhibited by any or all of the authors who have crowded that long interval? The English poet and philosopher, Coleridge, is reported to have said that every drama has a ballet skeleton; in a similar spirit it may be said that the foundation and motive of the plays of Shakespeare is more or less of the harmonic element. In this respect, as in so many others, he is distinguished also above all of his contemporaries. To at least twenty of his dramas music has been furnished. The lyric quality of his writings has been recognized by the greatest composers, and his plays have been frequently employed as the groundwork of popular and permanent operas. Of what other dramatist can this be said? In this respect what could be done with the works of any of his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, with Otway, or the more modern Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, Talford and others? His contemporaries wrote many beautiful songs, but they are not interwoven with the melodic sweetness as are those of Shakespeare. For instance, that lovely air (in *Measure for Measure*)—"Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away," the music of which was composed by Jack Wilson, who belonged to the same company of players as Shakespeare—the authorship of which has been contested—the history says that the best evidence in favor of Shakespeare's authorship is the general fact that, unlike most of the old dramatists, he never introduced into his plays any songs by other writers. If we run along the line of the great dramatist's works we will discern his progress from play to play; following the order of their production we will not only see for what charming lyrics we are indebted to him, but discover an increase in the musical beauty of the songs. Begin with *Love's Labor's Lost*:

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will not be known.

Twelfth Night.

Come away, come away, death;
And in sad earnest let me be laid.

As You Like It.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me.

And—

Flow, flow, thou Water-wraith,
Thou art not so unkind.

Merchant of Venice.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?

Much Ado About Nothing.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever.

Measure for Measure.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly have forsaken me.

Othello.

For sweet soul's sake, singing by a willow tree,
Sing all a green willow.

The Tempest.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made.

A Winter's Tale.

When daffodils begin to peep,
With hylar! the daisies over the dale.

Cymbeline.

Hark! hark! the ark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' golden arrows.

And—

From no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rage.

No absolute order in which the plays were written has been determined, although ten

generations of critics and enumerators have tried their wits upon it. In many cases the advance in dramatic art exhibited in successive plays has been urged as evidence of Shakespeare's chronological progress and maturing powers. A surer test of the ripening of Shakespeare's genius can, we think, be found in the increased perfection in the melody of his verse and the diffusion through them of what may be called harmonic energy. It is obvious to us that as he advanced in his labors he developed the musical element more and more, as is evidenced by his plays. His latest productions are pre-eminently concordant, and there is a great probability that, if he had lived longer and been inclined to extend his career as a writer, Shakespeare would have shown himself a great operatic librettist in the character of his future compositions. He had done the utmost that the comic and tragic drama could achieve, and he must then have entered the field of the lyric drama. That this tendency was strong in the great dramatist is shown in the fact that great operas have been made from his plays, and in the operatic features of his dramas, as shown in the songs, masques and various devices which crop out from the very beginning of his career as an author.

The Border Scout.

You've seen him; almost every one has seen a specimen of him, one time or another, in any of the larger Eastern cities. Who? Why, the nondescript genius with the long hair and prodigious sombrero. He who sometimes affects a buckskin, semi-savage habiliments, sports a huge, ferocious moustache and goatee, says "thar," and "har," and "har," carries a small arsenal of revolvers and bowie-knives and ornaments his usual swaggering speech with innumerable original oaths and peculiar Western "cuss" words.

Occasionally he essays to be an actor, of the border ruffian, blood-and-thunder, muchacho bang-bang, shootee-shootee order. More frequently he is seen as an itinerant "fakir," with his Indian "yarbs" and "botanical pills" and nostrums.

Do you recognize the picture now? You've doubtless stumbled over one of these precious fellows, and you have seen him, perhaps, in his true colors. We have met him frequently, if not oftener, and we've taken his measure. We have usually found him to be an arrant coward, or terrible liar, and a decided dead beat. As a rule, all his highly-colored yarns concerning border life, scouting, Indian scalping and fighting generally are solely the result of his own vivid imagination and uncontrollable propensity for lying. He would, in all probability, run at the sight of a wooden Indian, and a stuffed bear would drive him into spasms.

His greatest *psychant* is to entertain a crowd of callow youths and barroom loungers with startling stories of Indian fighting, "road agent" adventures and extraordinary experiences on the frontier, and all for the purpose or in the hope of getting his admiring listeners to "set up the drinks" for him. He will tell you how he "drew a bead" on this one, "wiped out" a score of others and depopulated entire districts. He has "chawed up" and "laid out" enough human beings to stock a fair-sized cemetery, and he has "scooped in" enough scalps to cover the wigwags of an entire Indian village.

Take him all in all, your border scout, or such as we usually see of him perambulating about our large cities, is an unmitigated fraud and nuisance.

Amateur Notes.

An excellent performance of *Still Waters Run Deep* was given by the Amaranth of Brooklyn on Thursday last. This society is celebrating its thirteenth season, and with the Murray Hill shares the honor of being the pioneer in ambitious attempts at theatricals and the first to give entertainments at public places of amusement. Their success last week was gratifying, and their efforts were well received by a well-filled house. J. T. Raynor as Mr. Potter was the simple, good-hearted old gentleman to the life. Mr. Ferris was hardly equal to Captain Hawley. He attitudes and gesticulates too much. The John Midway of Wallace Grant was earnest and dignified. Julia W. Reid was an interesting and natural Mrs. Midway. Mrs. H. M. Ferris merits the highest praise. Her Mrs. Sternhold was powerful and intense. She has a fine stage presence and remarkable ease and repose for an amateur. Other parts were carefully handled by Messrs. McFarlane, Harton and Howne. Credit is due to W. W. Lambert for the excellent discipline behind the footlights.

It is proposed to present *Hamlet* at the Lexington Avenue Opera House early in April, for the benefit of St. Ambrose Parish, a worthy benevolent society devoted to the poor of this city. Joseph Haworth, leading man of the John McCullough company, has consented to appear as *Hamlet*, and E. A. Sothern, Jr., Miss Eva Sothern and Maurice Stratford have also volunteered their services. The rest of the cast will be drawn from the best available talent in New York and Brooklyn, and an excellent performance is promised.

Iolanthe will be given by the Young Ladies' Dramatic Union at the Academy of Music on March 24. The entertainment will be to aid in the erection of an unsectarian home for chronic invalids. Over \$2,000 worth of tickets have been sold.

Members of the Greenwich Society are announced to appear at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on March 21. They have chosen a comic opera called *All on a Summer's Day* for this occasion. The affair will be under the auspices of a company of the 22d Regiment.

The Twenty-third Street Theatre would be a desirable abiding place for amateur theatricals until Yale and Spauld's proposed Elite Theatre is completed next season.

The Guv'nor will be the next production by the Amaranth.

The Gilbert is actively rehearsing *Maud's Peril* for production on March 7.

Things theatrical are quite lively just now in San Francisco. A friend writes the *Mirror* from that city: "I have reason to believe the Mapleson season will be a larger one. Applications for seats, amounting to over \$6,000, have already been received, although the box-sheet is not yet opened."

The Giddy Gusher



I sit over there at the Fourteenth Street Theatre and feel within my bosom the same broad and catholic spirit that animated the Irishman in the Dublin gallery when the mob were about chucking a fellow over the rails, and the Irishman cried, "Don't waste him; kill a fiddler with him."

I regard Uncle Sam Colville as I do the two other Uncle Sams—Sam Ward and Sam United States. I look with respect on the head usher, who reminds me of Thurlow Weed. I like the hot programme he hands me off the radiator, like a buckwheat cake. I admire Baby Mine in the managerial box—rosy and resplendent. I like everything about the house but the leader of the orchestra. I don't expect beauty with the baton; I don't demand positive grace in a conductor; but we girls do expect a good time with a man in that position, and we don't get it at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

That leader is at variance with every member of his orchestra. There is a big, good-looking man, able to lick him, who sits in the prompt corner and plays the flute. There is a regular old Noah of a violinist who shakes his hoary locks threateningly at him just behind his cello. There is a brass instrument blower on the O. P. side who has the face of a murderer. But this sleek and sandy offender mounts his seat, selects the most inspiring sheets of music in his repertoire, puts on the drag and begins the wrestling match with melody.

I watch my flutist; he blows away with an eye on his score till he perceives he's half-a-length ahead of the cornet; then he drops off his pipe and waits. Then comes a favorable moment, and just as he jumps in that leader warms up on one side of him with waltz time and depresses the rest of the gang till "The Dead March in Saul" is lively compared to it. To see him accompany any singing is a treat. I saw Lizzie Weathersby clap her hands at him the other night, and the leader answered with two trots and a jump of his legs that looked like activity, but never accelerated the music an inch. Then was the time to throw a man at him, and I devoutly wished some one would do it.

Winterbottom, the undertaker, wants drivers for hearses this Spring in time to catch the first green-apple crop; and I do hope Colville will let his leader off for the purpose. But if the Fourteenth Street orchestra acts on my nervous system like a file, there's my beloved Braham and my equally-loved Tissington. Years ago it was the fashion to think that Baker of Wallack's was the only boy able to dispense melody to the Queen's taste; but he would be as far out of the race now as Flora Temple would be beside Maud S.

I sometimes ask myself if Colville has an interest in any neighboring saloon. There may be method in his music. I know if I run a rum-mill in the vicinity of Harrigan and Hart's place, I'd pay well for an intermission without music during the evening. The most desperate clove-hunter in the Union Square audience begins as the curtain touches the stage to scratch about for his hat under Mackaye's petard pedestal. The people next him begin to contract their diaphragms and take in their legs, knowing what's coming. When a strain from Tissington sweeps across him, that chord holds him like a bed-cord; he relaxes, the clove floats away in his thirsty mind, and there he sits till the next act reminds him he has been swindled out of a drink. I've watched that operation over and over.

But the stampede at Colville's is something to look at. Every blamed man rises and rushes. Only a few girls are left, with two or three cripples to suffer and use strong language inside. Some day there will come a retribution swift and sure. Some gentle creature like myself, roused to madness by that orchestra, will, with unerring aim, shoot an open-glass at that target in the leader's seat. He may have friends; it's hardly likely, but barely possible; and the assassin is sure to have thousands. Their hearts will be wrung by the catastrophe; and Uncle Sam can avoid it. Take that leader and drop him down that awful shaft Fechter sank in the Fifteenth Street side for the burying of scenery.

If I'd been born earlier I'd have been a

treasure to Adam, who had such a job to name things and begin a dictionary. There's no form of slang that I don't absorb like a sponge; there's no dialect I don't catch as a boy does the measles. It's perfectly jolly to hear some of the English actors talk, their language being to the uninitiated perfectly incomprehensible. Jesse Williams, one of my pet conductors, patters this flash beautifully. I remember, on a train last year, among the travellers were several of McCaul's opera company, and I listened, till my ignorance hurt me, at their most mysterious conversation. Then I applied to a proficient teacher, and got up in it. I learned that this peculiar vocabulary is built on the principle of rhyming a word by a sentence, which in most cases is a hackneyed phrase, and then abbreviating the rhyme. For instance, beef is "stop thief," consequently a stop sandwich was asked for at a station; pork is "Duke of York," and the sandwich turned out to be a duke; feet are "plates of meat;" a fire is a "Jeremiah;" the door is a "Rory O'More," and one's heart is a "raspberry tart."

My teacher, who is the sweetest little English girl in this country, sings plaintively: I sat by the side of the Jeremiah, Warning my Plates of Meat, When there came a noise at the Rory O'More That made my Raspberry beat.

A man's hat is a tile, to which is rhymed "Battle of the Nile." All of the Nile is cut off and the battle goes on. Your head is a "lump of lead." Therefore you put your battle on your lump. As gloves are "turtle doves," naturally then you take off your turtles before you put up your daddies, unless it is a turtle set-to.

It was rather vague to hear that some "bad Thaddy" had given a tenor "a Mary in his Darby," till you learned that gin was "Thaddy O'Flynn;" that one's belly was "Darby Kelly;" a pain was a "Mary Blaine;" to go to sleep is "bo-peep;" your legs are "Scotch pegs;" boots are "daisy roots;" a coat is "I'm afloat;" your face is "Chevy Chase;" your hair is "Barnet Fair;" your neck is "half a peck;" your trousers "round me houses;" your waistcoat "Charley Prescott;" your room "buy a broom;" the stairs "apples and pears;" your dinner "I'm a sinner;" a pack of cards are "boulevards;" your eyes are "mince pies."

Now, when this thing goes on *ad infinitum*, it's about as nice a language as I know, and I would rather use it than the regular Everts article. But then I am always taken with new things, and this vocabulary is new to you.

GIDDY GUSHER.

American Theatres.

NEW YORK, March 4.

Coming to the States from England, with an Englishman's natural prejudice against all things un-English, I have been agreeably disappointed in many respects, but in none more than in the condition of the theatres in this city.

A brother critic in England, and a man who has had the advantage of seeing the States somewhat more thoroughly than most Englishmen, assured me before I left that, although the theatres themselves on this side might well accept comparison with the best of our London theatres, yet that the companies playing in them were scarcely on a par with our best companies. He gave as an explanation for this assertion two reasons: the one being that your actors had not the same opportunities of learning their art under good social conditions as ours have; and the other, that staff-management has not arrived at such a pitch of perfection with you as with us.

I am not qualified as yet to go into this statement and consider how far it has the stamp of truth, but I can plainly say that, as far as my investigation has proceeded, I am inclined to regard it as a gross exaggeration.

The theatres upon which we pride ourselves in London may be briefly set down as the Haymarket, St. James' and Lyceum Theatres. There are others that are running these very close—notably the Princess's, over whose fortunes Wilson Barrett presides—but an Englishman, desirous of giving a stranger as high an opinion as possible of his country's dramatic institutions, would certainly begin by naming the three theatres above mentioned. The St. James and Haymarket are both comedy houses, as distinguished from the Lyceum, which, under Henry Irving's management, is mostly devoted to the Shakespearean drama; but they are all three favorably noted for the excellence of their stock companies. I think that for ability of the individual actors and perfection of stage management, these theatres are not to be surpassed by any of the great French theatres, in spite of the large subsidies which the latter draw from the Government. Every play is produced with such a completeness of detail and such a liberality of scenic effect, that, however poor it may be in its plot and construction, it is sure to be witnessed by a large class of habitual theatre-goers, merely for the pleasure of noting the surroundings and testifying the public regard for the spirit of the management.

My first visit to the New York houses was made to Wallack's Theatre, and I willingly acknowledge that I could not help recalling my friend's assertion with a smile of something like contempt for his judgment. One swallow, however, does not make a summer, and it would be unwise to take one theatre as a criterion of all the rest.

Lady Clare, to my mind, is put upon the stage with a completeness which is quite equal to that habitually practiced at our best London theatres. It is not a perfect drama by any means—the story and the situations are hackneyed, and one character, that of the Irish Major, is played in a manner rather out of harmony with the rest, for I presume the Major is intended for an officer and a gentleman; but the attention to small details and the elaborateness of the scenic effects show a stage

management of the very highest order. The stage pictures are perfect of their kind, and would be well worth seeing simply for themselves. The actors and actresses—with the small exception already referred to—were all imbued with the spirit of their various parts, and played with an intelligence which deserves the strongest praise. Miss Coghlan, upon whom the brunt of the action lay, is an emotional actress of the highest order, though the lugubriousness of her part does not permit her to present herself before the audience in the most favorable light. The whole performance well merited the applause it was accorded, and if only the other leading theatres of this city can exhibit such charming stage pictures and such perfection of management, I shall certainly come to the conclusion that in these respects you have nothing to learn from the other side of the water.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC.

Professional Doings.

—Corrine closes her season on June 1.
—Fedora is the name of a new cigarette.
—John Stetson has returned from Boston.
—Louis James intends to star next season.
—Mrs. Langtry has finally decided not to go to Australia.
—J. H. Rennie has joined Grau's English Opera company.
—Henry Brown and wife (Lillie West) think of going to Australia.
—Walter J. Lamb has been released from his contract with Rice.
—John Watson has been engaged by Archie Gunter to play in D. A. M.
—Brooks and Dickson will not manage Her Atonement after this season.
—James Allison is in San Francisco. He sails for Australia next week.
—William Rust is in town looking after the interests of Baker and Farron.
—The formation of a No. 3 Princess Ida company was begun yesterday.
—Charles Wyndham will not bring his company to America next season.
—Mrs. Langtry yesterday invested \$12,000 in mortgages on city real estate.
—Nick Long has been engaged for another season by the Madison Square.
—Walden Ramsay has not been engaged by Mrs. Langtry as leading man.
—Leonard S. Outram has declined the leading business with Herr Bandmann.
—Sam Sanford, the veteran minstrel, is doing a panorama of Uncle Tom's Cabin.
—Eva Emerson was married last week to Revillo, the magician, in Brooklyn.
—Dominick Murray is playing in The Rajah, having left The Strangers of Paris.
—May Robertson left last night for Cleveland to join The Strangers of Paris.
—The Imperial Japanese troupe is at Koster and Bial's. A. J. Bruno is also there.
—Maggie Duggan has written to say that she will return to America next season.
—Edward Clayburgh has withdrawn from the management of the Creole company.
—Sara Jewett's trip is being managed by W. A. Edwards on behalf of John A. Stevens.
—Nat Goodwin plays in Confusion at the Baldwin, San Francisco, in May and June.
—Earle Stirling has been engaged by Lewis Morrison for his summer season in Chicago.
—Willis Ross was a guest of the Pendennis Club during his two weeks' stay in Louisville.
—R. L. Downing has been engaged for A Daughter's Sacrifice at the New Park Theatre.
—A. S. Lipman, now with Robson and Crane, goes to the Madison Square next season.
—Jeffrey Lewis will not go to Australia under Allison or Greenwall. She is coming East.
—Manager Canary, of the Eighth Avenue Theatre, was sick in bed last week with rheumatism.
—George Murphy has sold out his interest in the Comedy Four and will go South for his health.
—Charles Barnard has vested the city rights for all his children's operettas in Townsend Percy.
—Lillian Russell is playing in Billee Taylor in Toulon, France, under Solomon's management.
—Sydney Haven and Emily Northup have been engaged for the reconstructed Two Johns company.
—Al Hayman has booked attractions for the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, up to Dec. 20.
—The Casino management give a special performance in aid of the Actors' Fund on April 17.
—Mollie Powers, who is in the cast of La Vie at the Bijou, was married last week to E. S. Douglass.
—General Barton and Max Freeman go to Europe this summer in search of attractions for the Bijou.
—J. W. Norcross is arranging for a theatre in New York City for a summer season of comic opera.
—Harry Lee opened with Stevens' company at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday evening.
—Nelson Wheatcroft has been engaged at the New Park Theatre by J. A. Stevens for A Daughter's Sacrifice.
—Since Jacques Kruger's creation of the poet's part in Warranted he has received many offers for next season.
—Jennie Herriek, C. H. Clarke and W. H. Clarke have left Grau's Opera company to join Princess Ida No. 2.
—Berrie Jarrett, son of Henry C., has taken charge of all Rice's agency business and the management of the office.
—Fred Lotto arrived in town Tuesday, having closed his season with Clara Morris. He is at present disengaged.
—Richard Mansfield and George Clarke were offered the chance to star in The Strangers of Paris next season.
—Clara Morris closed her season in Chicago on Saturday night and the company returned to town on Tuesday morning.
—Mrs. Langtry says she does not think herself bound to fill a date at the Third Avenue Theatre made with Mr. Rankin.
—Esmeralda will continue on the road next season, making nine Madison Square companies, the dates for which are all filled.

—W. Wilding Jones, a London journalist, is in town.

—J. Duke Murray, agent of Milton Nobles, is in the city.

—John Rickby will go with Samuel Colville next season.

—Colonel T. Allston Brown returns from Europe on April 3.

—C. B. Bishop will shortly return to his old play, the Widow Hedott.

—Phil Simmons has been engaged as advance for Maud Granger's company.

—Charles Hawthorne goes to England as stage manager for Lawrence Barrett.

—It is rumored that Samuel Colville desires to give up the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

—Phil Simmons will look after the interests of Maud Granger for the rest of the season.

—The opera-ticket speculators in Baltimore were badly "left" on the Abbey season last week.

—Dora Hennings, the singer, is appearing in Ohio towns in conjunction with Hartz the Magician.

—Ten-Mile Crossing, under the management of E. B. Vosburg, opened in Detroit on Monday night.

—Only a Woman's Heart opened at the Standard Theatre, Chicago, on Monday night to a good house.

—They are already securing seats in London for the return performance of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

—F. O. Palmer has been appointed general agent on the Wabash Railway in the place of H. E. Laing, who has resigned.

—Professor Boyesen, author of Alpine Roses, has been accused of adapting the play from La Grace de Dieu by d'Ennery.

—G. W. Prestbury, stage manager of Esmeralda for two seasons, will next season manage the old Hazel Kirtle company.

—No. 2 Princess Ida opens at Trenton on Monday night, and after playing a few one-night stands appears at week stands only.

—Messrs. Colville, Poole, Miner and Daniel Frohman spent Monday in visiting managers to arrange about the Actors' Fund Benefit.

—George Vandenhoff, Jr., has recovered from his recent illness. It was not serious. He is looking for a position in a city theatre.

—L. A. Deane goes on the road as treasurer of Orpheus and Eurydice, having left Rice's employment to join Miles and Barton.

—The recent engagement of William Stafford at Louisville was the most successful of any the tragedian has ever played in that city.

—Ramsay Morris left the management of The Rajah company on Saturday last. The members of the company made him a present.

—John A. Stevens attached Mrs. Langtry's scenery and baggage on Saturday night for \$1,500 for failing to play last Tuesday's matinee.

—Louis James and Marie Wainwright go to London with Barrett as his chief support. Charles Hawthorne goes along as stage manager.

—R. L. Marsh will come to the city in a short time to attend to the bookings of the Milwaukee Grand Opera House for next season.

—Lilford Arthur had an offer from Archie Gunter to play in D. A. M., but had already signed with Helen Bancroft for her Spring tour.

—The Walcotts have been lent by the Madison Square management to the Union Square for the production of Cezanne's play in April.

—The Grand Opera House at Columbus, O., is to rent, O. S. Cockey, agent of the Eastern Line at 409 Broadway, has the matter in charge.

—Holliday's Opera House, Laramie, Wyo., will be ready for opening about April 1. It will have a stage 36x70 and a seating capacity of 700.

—On the 16th ult. a dinner was given at the Pendennis Club, Louisville, by Colonel Kelly, of the Commercial, to William Stafford and Willis Ross.

—John A. Stevens has brought suit against Mrs. Langtry owing to a difference of opinion between them as to the proper way to fill an engagement.

—N. C. Goodwin has re-engaged Charles Schroeder as business manager for next season. Goodwin and wife will spend the summer in Europe.

—Anna Boyle is about to conclude her engagement with Fred Ward. She will make a short starting tour this Spring in a new play from the German.

—Gaspard Maeder, one of the scenic artists of the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival, is engaged by John A. Stevens to paint scenery for the New Park Theatre.

—Orpheus and Eurydice, after leaving Philadelphia, appears in Brooklyn, New York (People's), Chicago, and at the Boston Bijou for a summer season.

—The Rajah opened in Philadelphia on Monday night, playing a return engagement. The orchestra space had to be used to accommodate the audience.

—Yesterday all the managers in the principal cities of the Union were sent a letter asking their co-operation in the forthcoming benefit for the Actors' Fund.

—The benefit tendered the Cincinnati Relief Fund by the Carrie Stuart combination, Feb. 26, at Robinson's Opera House in that city, realized some \$200.

—Theodore Moss and Charles Frohman will produce Robert Griffin Morris' play, The Pulse of New York, at the Star Theatre during the last week in April.

—Louis Barrett, who personates the Policeman in Collier's Lights of London (Western) combination, is confined to one of the wards in the Cincinnati Hospital.

—The report that Evelyn Foster, now leading support of William Stafford, would star during the coming season under the management of Willis Ross, is incorrect.

—The following were the receipts of Emma Abbott in San Francisco. First week, \$12,161.25; second week, over \$10,000; third week, over \$10,000; fourth week, over \$10,000.

—W. J. Chappelle, business manager of Palmer's Vacation company, has bought a house and grounds in Rutland, Vt., and on May 1 will make it his permanent residence.

—Sam Colville is to reproduce The Pavements of Paris in a very complete style on April 7 at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Harry St. Maur may play the leading part.

—Boudinot claims to have written over four hundred plays.

—The Hoffman House is becoming a favorite resort for professionals.

—Charles Lang will continue to sing the rôle of Hilarion in The Princess Ida during its run.

—Marie Hilsforth will play a small part this afternoon with Modjeska at the Madison Square.

—Grace Courtland, the Witch of Wall Street, has descended to the level of a Dime Museum attraction.

—The Sunday concert at the New Park Theatre are still kept going, being fairly well patronized.

—Gus Kerber is busily rehearsing the Bijou company for La Vie. His patience is frequently tried.

—Harry Miner now controls three Silver King companies, a travelling comedy company, and three theatres.

—The Kinsleys played their best provincial engagement in Philadelphia during the two weeks of their stay there.

—Edward Bloom is busy in the Gale and Spader building, arranging the business for the Queen's Evidence tour.

—The wife and child of W. C. Cobbs, of the Madison Square forces, leave by the Atlantic for England on Saturday next.

—A new opera house at Yonkers is nearly ready for opening. It was built mainly through the enterprise of the Yonkers Gazette.

—Buffalo Bill closes his season in Chicago this week. He then goes to his tent in South Platte to prepare for his touring season.

—Arthur Nelson has secured for next season the right to 7-30-8 for the whole country. His will be the only company playing the piece.

—Frederick Ward was in town for a few hours on Sunday. He reports his season so far to be very satisfactory in artistic and financial results.

—Dave Peyer has cancelled his engagement with Bandmann, and will go to San Francisco in advance of T. Slater Smith's Ranch to.

—There is no truth in the statement that the young lady who was much admired by President Arthur's son has been discharged from the Bijou chorus.

—Sam Harrison telegraphs us that Harrison and Gourlay began their return engagement at Heck's, Monday night, to an audience that entirely filled the house.

—The Agnes Wallace-Villa combination have closed the season at Louisville. They rest during the Lenten season and will open April 14 for a Spring tour.

—The sale of tickets for Modjeska's appearance as Adrienne Lecocqeur at the Madison Square to-day is said to have realized an extraordinary sum. The prices were fancy.

—Charles Frohman will leave next week upon a special tour of all the principal cities on behalf of the travelling attractions of the Madison Square and the Frohman Brothers.

—Mr. Gilf's burlesque for Harry Dwyer will tempt a public verdict in May. Mr. Stevens assumes the expenses of the production. The rest will depend on this same public verdict.

—Robert L. Dowling, late of Jefferson's company, and Mrs. Adèle Kandle have been engaged by John A. Stevens to play in A Daughter's Sacrifice at the New Park Theatre.

—Confusion goes on the road Monday, opening in Philadelphia. Then it comes to the Fourteenth Street Theatre, this city. Pock's Bad Boy takes its place at the Comedy Theatre.

—Rehearsals of Her Sacrifice begin at the New Park Theatre to-day. After several changes Mr. Stevens has finally decided to give the play the above title. Gaspard Maeder has been engaged to paint the scenery.

—The audiences at the Thalia Theatre nightly do not fall off in any way. Madame Gelsinger and Seibold realize very warm receptions for their acting in '96, which is very well mounted and new.

—Frank L. Goodwin spent yesterday visiting his family and friends, and would not call business. He says, however, that he has had a first-class season with Clara Morris. Mrs. Morris is resting at the Everett House.

—The expenditure for relief by the Actors' Fund for the month of February, including the first day of March, amounted to \$975. For funerals a sum of \$100 was paid, and the working expenses amounted to \$177.60.

—Joseph Brooks, a useful and experienced English actor, has just arrived in this country from Africa, where he reports good business under the Cape Town regime of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the successors of Captain Disney Rebeck.

—Mile. Rhea played to over \$2,000 on the last night of her engagement in New Orleans. Manager Chase is doing very well on his Southern tour. Rhea appears in Philadelphia week of 24th.

—On Friday the hundredth night of Orpheus and Eurydice will be celebrated by handsome souvenirs. The new foyer and gentlemen's smoking-room will be opened, and a supper is to be given to the press and friends of the management.

—E. F. Richardson, of the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, looks after theatrical traffic at his office, 33 Broadway, in this city. Mr. Richardson is an old railroad man, and his popularity among professionals is on the ascendancy.

—In Philadelphia, last week, suit was brought against S. F. Nixon, of Nixon and Zimmerman, to compel the payment of the \$100 State license fee on theatres. The Judge's charge was strongly in favor of the payment of the fee, but the jury disagreed.

—George S. Lederer complained to a Milwaukee reporter yesterday that Messrs. Leon and Cushman had plagiarized the title Ill-fet-Dora. He will shortly open at a city theatre, managing George Fortescue, in Sydney Rossenfeld's burlesque, Well-fet-Dora.

—W. J. Ferguson will hereafter play under the management of his brother-in-law, J. H. Farrell, author of A Friendly Tip. Mr. Ferguson is in town. Mr. Farrell has published a warning to Mr. Kelly and has engaged Howe and Hummel to protect his rights.

—Mrs. Mamie Grisel, professionally known as Mamie Johnston, has just recovered from a long illness, which has incapacitated her from attending to her professional duties this season. A few days ago she underwent a painful operation at the hands of Drs. Stone and Taggart, by which they removed a tumor from the roof of her mouth.

The Usher.



Heed him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Harry French has referred with pardonable pride to the pug dog used in *Confusion* as his personal property. He has stated that it was loaned to Stetson on the score of friendship. Now the keeper of the canine, Mr. French's groom, sends in a bill to the management for the services of the pup during the run of the comedy, charging at the rate of \$10 per week. Whereupon Mr. French denies that the dog is his, and asserts that if his man—to whom it belongs—chooses to demand salary for its histrionic labors, he (French) has nothing to say in the matter. There are people, on the other hand, who insinuate that Mr. French really owns the pug, and that of the \$10 he expects to get \$8 and give his groom, \$2. But this is a foul libel, for everybody knows that French is the most generous man in the world—that he can with difficulty be restrained from throwing portions of his patrimony to little boys in the street. Nevertheless, by claiming the dog at first, and manifesting pride in its achievements, he has laid himself open to suspicion, now that the groom has forced things to an issue. If only dogs could speak, we might get at the truth of this mystery. But pshaw! if dogs could speak, *Confusion* would have no *raison d'être*, and there would have been no necessity for dragging the French pug into professional circles.

A number of newspapers in this city appear to know more about Rose Coghlan's plans than the lady does herself. A couple of weeks ago I stated that she would go to England this Summer for a vacation, her physician having advised her to take a rest. Paragraphs, however, are circulating to the effect that she will head a company of Wallackians for a Summer tour in the West. The actress said on Monday that despite this general determination to keep her at work against her will, she will positively remain idle from the time this season closes at Wallack's until the next begins.

Selina Dolaro's myriads of friends will be glad to hear that she will appear on Actors' Fund Day next month in a comedietta written by herself.

I utilized the bridge the other night and visited Knowles and Morris' theatre over in Brooklyn, where Evans and Hamilton's *Truth* is being played. This is the piece which Overton and Maubury claim is a plagiarism of *The Wages of Sin*, but Henry Holland says he adapted it from the French and invented a couple of scenes. However that may be, *Truth* is a rattling good melodrama—far superior to *In the Ranks* and several of the same ilk that I have seen lately. The materials are not new and the characters are far from original, but old stuff is used so dexterously that an interesting story is the result. The piece contains prototypes of Coupeau, Julian Gray, the Artful Dodger, Gervaise, Miss St. Evremont and Mrs. Buzzard. There are strong suggestions in the plot of *L'Assomoir*, *Oliver Twist*, *The New Magdalen*, *Ticket-of-Leave Man* and several other dramas. But, as I said, the fabric is skillfully woven and the story decidedly interesting.

Frank Evans has a nice part in George Preston, the parson, who is not so goody-goody that he cannot confront the villain with evidences of revealed religion as exemplified by muscular Christianity. Theodore Hamilton is the bad man, and he does him up in the most approved repulsive fashion. He has a lively old delirium-tremens scene, in which he sees more blue alligators and pink rats to the square inch than any stage drunkard on record. But the burden of the drama rests upon the actress who plays Edith, the wronged wife, who is the central figure, the pivot of the plot. The character was capably handled by Alice Pierce—a professional who is new to me. She is very pretty, reminding one of Fanny Davenport in *Big Bonanza* days. She is young, too, but she carried a really arduous melodramatic rôle with the ease and effectiveness of an experienced old stager. She was altogether quite a pleasant surprise. Harry Colton has been affected by the atmosphere of Kentucky. He acted a young English physician with the swagger of the typical Kentuckian. The rest of the company was generally efficient.

By the way, Colonel Morris and his friend and partner, Knowles, manage one of the prettiest and most comfortable theatres near

New York. That they manage it successfully and are making money one needs no further proof than is found in the rubicund countenance of the gallant Colonel and the pleasant smile that habitually hovers on Knowles' lips. I must add that everything about the house is well-ordered. There are plenty of programmes, polite ushers and civility at the box-office.

A Washington lady writes me: "Madame Nilsson: 'Has the fair Christine a temper?' A little incident in the second act of *La Gioconda* here would lead one to think so. When she comes on she has a wrap which she flings aside. After a while, finding it in her way, she tries to push it aside with her foot. It doesn't 'push' very well. She tries again, and then with an angry and most ungrateful kick she sent it flying out of the way. Query: Does it pay Abbey to have Nilsson act as the grand attraction at 'society' affairs when the other prime donne sing?"

The dressing-rooms at the Union Square are comfortable and cheerful. Not long ago they were overhauled and the principal members of the company assigned rooms just back of the stage, where the property-room was formerly located. Shook and Collier's brother managers might well emulate this example, for actors' accommodations, not only out of town but at nearly all the city theatres, are disgracefully bad.

Work for the Actors' Fund benefits is being energetically prosecuted, and the bills which are being arranged are so uniformly strong that the public will find it difficult to make a choice.

Another row took place yesterday in the vicinage of the Square. For a wonder the participants were not professionals.

On dit that the family of Wallack's leading man will be increased by a new arrival shortly. The prospective happy father is practising "Rock-a-bye baby," in his leisure moments.

Edwin Booth arrived in town yesterday, and passed a few hours with his invalid mother. He is a devoted son.

A correspondent seems very much exercised because Robert Sale Hill's name was mentioned by *THE MIRROR* in connection with some amateurs, and writes a long letter to show that he was formerly a professional. The author adds that he "has no wish to say aught against Mr. Hill, but simply to chaff the Editor of *THE MIRROR*, who has alluded to Hill as 'the distinguished amateur,' when Hill has been an actor nearly all his life, strutted his brief hour on the Square and been impetuous in Summer like other actors of small parts." Like my correspondent, for instance, who, I presume, was superseded by Mr. Hill at some time in his career, cherishes animosity toward the subject of his attentions and because he has not acquired, as Mr. Hill has, a competency and the privilege of playing now and then with amateurs, struts the Square in a state of inpecuniosity and writes cowardly, unsigned letters to newspapers, as an outlet for his spleen.

An Enormous Mistake.

Blakely Hall, one of the *Sun's* able editorial staff, is an extremely tall young man—something like six-feet-two, in fact. This physical advantage and his powers as a writer have won for him the name of "The Giant Journalist."

Mr. Hall went to see McCullough in Virginia Monday night. He went to be entertained by the actors, but a little bald man who sat just in front attended simply to have a nice little chat with a friend that was beside him.

Mr. Hall stood the annoyance as long as patience could endure; finally he leaned forward and said quietly:

"My dear sir, I don't want to listen to your conversation. I came here to see the play."

The little bald-headed fellow glared savagely at the speaker and then snapped, "I'll attend to you when the act is over." The curtain fell and the little man sprang to his feet.

"Come outside to the sidewalk," said he, "and I'll settle this matter."

"Why certainly," returned the journalist, with great good nature. Now, Hall doesn't look formidable when seated. You cannot take in the whole of him until he gets up on those stilt-like hind legs of his.

He began to rise. As section after section unfolded and the journalistic giant began to tower away up near the chandelier, the bald-headed man turned pale and clutched wildly for the back of his seat. Heads of perspiration appeared on his brow as he commenced to realize the magnitude of Hall and the enormity of his mistake.

"Well, sir," said Hall, looking down benignantly at the little man through his glasses, "I'm ready to accommodate you." The small chap gave one more disconcerted glance at his opponent and then sank in a heap on his orchestra-chair. He left the theatre before the end of the last act and he was still suffering from extreme trepidation if we may judge from the quickness of his exit and the nervousness with which he watched the seat that contained the giant until the folding doors shut him from view.

Mr. Sargent Speaks.

"If I were looking around to-morrow for a live manager," said Harry Sargent emphatically to a *MIRROR* minion who caught him in the act of drinking a matrimonial glass of apollinaris in Andrew Dan's barroom, "I wouldn't know where to put my hand on one." Mr. Sargent accompanied these words with a gloomy look and a shake of the head.

"Every star," he continued, "who has been made by a manager's shrewdness and skill in the art of advertising gets spoiled. There comes a time when the manipulator is a source of jealousy, when the star thinks he is getting his name in the papers oftener than need be, failing to reflect that he is only working up nice little snaps in the papers for the star's express benefit and totally forgetting the necessary proverb—'all is grist to the mill.'" And Mr. Sargent gave his head another despondent shake and clutched at his flowing moustache.

"Well?" inquired the reporter.

"Well," replied Mr. Sargent, "what is the result? The manager gets left. But his vindication swiftly follows. The star finds that without adroit handling, dexterous juggling with the press and neat and novel advertising schemes, business drops." Mr. Sargent said this with accents of ill-concealed joy.

"Well?" reiterated the scribe.

"But it isn't well," replied Mr. S., "it isn't well—at least, not for the star. The consequence is that the manager finds himself reinstated, and the star finds herself renewing the triumphs she had foregone when he was not pushing her."

"You speak of the star as a female," said the reporter. "Do you mean your remarks to be personally or generally employed?"

"Generally, of course," replied Mr. Sargent severely. Then he changed the subject quickly to Mme. Modjeska, whose business at the Star he said was the largest she had had in New York since the first engagement here.

"You discovered Modjeska, did you not?" queried the reporter. Mr. Sargent's face became bright as a May day.

"Yes, sir," said he; "I was the managerial Columbus who first found that dramatic El dorado."

"Won't you tell *THE MIRROR* all about it?"

"Why certainly, my dear boy, certainly. You see the discovery took place some years ago. I went to 'Frisco with Heller at a salary of \$100 a week and an interest in the profits. I left Boucicault to do the work because Heller wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. I got in 'Frisco and found the magician business pretty well played out. A fakir had been doing a gift show there for several months. But I buckled in, got the press well in hand, and soon Heller was accumulating a ponderous boodle."

"Shortly before I was to leave for New York some of the newspaper boys gave me a dinner. During the evening one of 'em said: 'Let's go 'round to the California and see the Polish woman who plays to-night. We need only stop for an act. I think her name's Modjeska.' Somebody else told how she had come out with a party to colonize Southern California and how they had lost their money and she was obliged to resort to the stage, having been leading lady for some time at a little theatre in Warsaw. She had acquired a slight knowledge of English, and through the influence of John McCullough had arranged for an appearance at the California."

"Well, we went to the play. When I set eyes on Modjeska, I said to myself, this woman, properly handled, is worth a fortune. She's not a great actress, but she's an artiste, and I'll get hold of her if I can. We all stayed to the end of the play. Then I told the press boys that Modjeska was a marvel—in fact, the greatest actress I had ever seen. They dutifully echoed my opinion in next morning's papers. I also got an Associated Press dispatch to the same effect sent all over the country."

"At six the following morning I was at Modjeska's hotel, and I didn't leave until I could take a contract with me. Then I brought her to New York. She opened at the Fifth Avenue to about \$300. The second night it dropped to \$160. On Saturday money was sent away from the box-office, and from then on to the end of the engagement the house couldn't hold 'em. I was working the press for all it was worth, and that brought the people to the theatre, where they saw a fair performance. Modjeska never read the papers in those days, so that she could not object to the dodges I resorted to to bring her into public notice. After awhile she began to think that it was unnecessary to buoy her up with newspaper work, and although we were coining money and I held a contract with her, we separated. But this season, as you know, I have been doing some work for her."

"Does she ever refer to the days when you managed her so successfully?"

"Never"—and Mr. Sargent smiled sadly.

Mr. Rice's Opinion.

Edward E. Rice was very indignant yesterday about the reports of the failure of the Princess Ida, and addressed a *MIRROR* man upon the subject.

"It is scandalous," said he, "that malicious people should endeavor to damage people's property. The Princess Ida is a success, financially as well as artistically."

"But how about the vacant rows of seats each evening?"

"Occasionally there may be, on account of

the weather, a slight falling off, but no one can say that Mr. Stetson is losing money. There may have been pieces which have coined more silver, but this is no proof of the failure of Ida. I have just filled and rehearsed a strong company to go on the road with the opera. They open in Trenton on Monday night."

Novel Sunday Concerts.

Rudolph Aronson is ever on the alert for striking attractions for his Sunday concerts. Speaking yesterday upon the subject he said:

"Next Sunday Monsieur Giese, the violinist, will appear, with Mrs. Belle Cole and Sallie Reber. On the 16th of March we give the first of a series of Composers' nights. For instance, we will begin with Strauss, playing only his music. We will follow with Gounod, Offenbach, Lecocq, etc. My own band will be considerably augmented, and a harp and zither will be introduced."

"How is *The Merry War* doing?"

"Excellent. There is no prospect of withdrawing it now. I arrived last night from Philadelphia, having seen the opening of *Falka*. It was a big success. Cecile Fernandez created a complete furore."

A Chat with Nat Goodwin.

The comedian had just divested himself of his burlesque togs, in his dressing-room, and was preparing to go on in *The Member for Slocum*, when a *MIRROR* man entered.

"What kind of a season have you had so far, Mr. Goodwin?"

"It has been the best season in every way that I ever had up to this engagement. Why in Boston and in Brooklyn we played to crowded houses in all weathers."

"Have you permanently withdrawn *Warranted*?"

"Yes, but I may play it in the West for a change."

"When does your season end?"

"We play into the middle of July."

"You go to San Francisco in May?"

"Yes, I will take my company and play *Those Bells*, *The Member for Slocum*, *Confusion* and perhaps *Warranted*."

"Then you have secured *Confusion*?"

"Yes, for the country West of Chicago."

"What part do you propose to play in *Confusion*?"

"I am unsettled, but I fancy old Blizard will be the character I will select."

"You still cling to *Hobbies*?"

"Blasphemy—yes. When I shelve *Hobbies* I'll shelve myself."

"You do not intend to go in for legitimate comedy altogether?"

"There you are. *Hobbies* is as legitimate as *Warranted*, but specialties are introduced into it. There is as much character in *Hobbies* as in any other play I have."

"Those Bells will be still presented then?"

"Yes. You know, I don't try to burlesque Irving; I try to imitate him. I have a very high opinion of him as an actor. I studied him for some time before I attempted to copy him."

The Hanlons.

Those lightning acrobats, the Hanlons, who have just returned from a tour of the South and are appearing this week in *Le Voyage en Suisse* at the People's Theatre, have had an eventful career. The six brothers Hanlon made their first appearance in this country before the war. Thomas, George, William, Alfred, Edward and Frederick Hanlon were the sons of Thomas Hanlon, an actor for more than forty years on the legitimate boards in London. When Thomas, the eldest, was four years old his father took him one day to Astley's Circus, where he witnessed the feats of some clever gymnasts. His future career was settled from that moment. His father had designed him for the dramatic profession, but yielding to his importunities he apprenticed him to a noted performer, Professor Lees, to whose charge George, Alfred and William were also soon after consigned. Adding to their own name that of their instructor, they have been known at various times as the Hanlon-Lees. Their education has been acquired while travelling, and it is due to this fact that, in addition to being thoroughly familiar with the English tongue, they can speak and write fluently many other languages.

When mere boys they made a professional tour around the world with Professor Lees, appearing throughout France, Austria, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, India, New Zealand and South America, creating a sensation everywhere. In Madrid they performed before Queen Isabella and were presented to the Duchess d'Albe and to Eugenie, who afterward became the Empress of the French. While voyaging from Panama to Havana in 1856 their instructor, Professor Lees, who had shown them so much affection and care, and who had devoted himself to their education and professional training with such kindness and assiduity that they came to regard him as a second father, died and was buried at sea.

Thomas, George, William and Alfred then came to New York and made their American debut with Bailey's Circus, but after a short season with that organization they returned to Europe to assume the care and education of their two younger brothers, Edward and Frederick, with whom they made a second tour of the globe. They appeared in New York at Niblo's Garden, in January, 1860, and at once

attracted more general attention and favorable comment than any other gymnasts who had ever been seen in this country. The highest pinnacle of success was reached while playing at the Academy of Music, New York, Jan. 12, 1861. On that day William Hanlon performed, for the first time in America, a thrilling act invented by him and called "Temple Incarceration." To accomplish this feat the performer, hanging by his hands from a trapeze, swings to and fro several times, and then, relinquishing his hold, throws a compass and catches a second trapeze a considerable distance from the other. The trapezes were suspended eighteen feet from the ground, and the distance travelled through the air was 135 feet. This act gave the Hanlons a fame and popularity which it is doubtful if any other gymnasts have ever enjoyed.

The lives of these young men were destined to be shadowed by a terrible misfortune. At Fife's Opera House, in Cincinnati, while performing a hazardous feat called "The Leap for Life," Thomas Hanlon missed a rope which he should have caught, and falling, one of the footlights became pinned to his skull and did such injury to his brain that, though he did not die, he became violently insane. He was confined in an asylum at Harrisburg, Pa., and there, on April 3, 1868, he committed suicide in a most singular manner. Repeatedly throwing half watermelons and alighting on his head, he struck it such blows upon a heavy iron screw in the floor of the strong room in which he was confined, and managed to batter out his brains.

After this distressing event the parents of the Hanlons exacted from them a promise that they would discontinue their performance with air feats, and that they were led to devote their attention to acrobatic pantomime. After appearing with success in this line of business throughout Europe they were engaged at the Folies Bergeres, in Paris, to appear in a piece called *Le Voyage en Suisse*, written by Blum and Toger, with a view to combining drama and pantomime. It met with such success—running for more than two hundred nights—that they purchased it, and, coming to this country, have since presented it here with great success.

The brothers attribute the brilliancy of their career as gymnasts to the fact that they never allowed themselves to get out of condition. Many gymnasts, when not performing, indulge in stimulants, take no exercise, and in other ways unfit themselves for their profession, so that when they wish to resume it they are obliged to go through a course of severe training. The Hanlons, on the contrary, have always made it a rule to attend to their studies at all times and under all circumstances, and to take a certain, unvarying amount of exercise every day, whether performing or not. They hold that it is a great mistake to use heavy dumb-bells, clubs, etc., in exercising. They use very light ones, and carefully avoid all heavy lifting and standing.

A Fitful Season.

Intelligence reached New York a few days ago that Edward Clayburgh had left his company out West without a dollar, and owing them considerable salary. It was stated that the manager eluded them by promising to send money back. They were entirely without the means of getting to New York, and they received no assistance and no word from the absent "capitalist." Mr. Clayburgh appeared at *THE MIRROR* office a short time after the news arrived and briefly explained things in the following words:

"This, indeed, has been an eventful season for me. My star took ill a few days after our opening, and I was placed at my wife's end to satisfy managers and the public. I wish to say here a kind word for Edith Houston, who so admirably filled my star's place, creating a fine impression wherever she appeared. The stories regarding the public's disappointment, which some of the papers have written about, I assure you, is much of it rubbish. Let me illustrate the stupidity of some of the provincial managers, some of whom claimed that they forced me to bring my star to the front, sick as she was. Well, I must reluctantly confess that I deceived them in most cases. At Des Moines, Iowa, I met with a strong remonstrance, Mr. Moore, the local manager, saying that if Miss Spencer did not appear he wouldn't open the house. My star was ill over a thousand miles away. I sought Miss Houston and presented her in invalid make-up as the star. He was satisfied."

"Your friend Corbett, at Aurora, Ill., has boasted that he made me toe the mark. Let me enlighten him. A more easily duped provincial I never met. He raved and threatened, and Miss Houston, as before, in the guise of the star, mollified him. He borrowed great care and attention upon her, and perhaps this is the first intimation he has had of the unavoidable imposition. I hope he will forgive me. When I saw that my star's immediate recovery was questionable, I rented my company an entire week and changed my paper."

"What have you to say regarding the burst up of the Crole company?"

"Simply this. I opened August 27 under adverse circumstances, being obliged to play the one, two and three night stands, having originally booked another attraction in the cities, which at the last moment I was unable to manipulate. I think I deserve some credit, all things considered, for pulling through as long as I did. Some weeks ago I withdrew from the company, leaving them fully equipped, and in good hands, as I thought. Miss Houston, after my withdrawal, became dissatisfied with the way things were going and left the company."

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Mr. Bennett's Worry.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
BOSTON, March 5.—Thorne's Black Flag is drawing fine audiences at the Grand. The excellent work of J. L. Ashton and Master Woodhall is highly commendable. Scandal's Irish Minstrel is pleasing good houses at the Academy.

The members of the Black Flag party derive much pleasure from relating the wonderful presence of mind exhibited by Russell Bennett at the Old City fire. Bennett's frantic appeals for help, and the peculiar fashion of his clothing and his odd manner of wearing the same, cause much merriment, and his trumpet sounds are nearly always being blown in his efforts to keep the boys quiet. But THE MIRROR must have the facts for the benefit of the profession at large.

Open at the Hub.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
BOSTON, March 5.—Hamlet was given as the opening attraction of the Abbey opera season, to a good house, which greeted Madame Sembrich warmly at first, and rapturously at the close, where her execution of the closing aria of Ophelia was in the highest sense perfect. Kautmann's Hamlet was dignified and introduced him in qualities of voice and execution he was not known before to possess. The season will be a brilliant one.

Good houses greeted the Boston Ideal Opera company, in *Giulio-Cesare*, at the Globe; and good houses also ruled at the Bijou and Boston Museum, to see *A Trip to Africa* and *Princess Ida*, and at the Howard Athenaeum to see *Her Attraction*.

Charles Kent, of the Boston Theatre company, will be a member of the Boston Museum company next season. Contracts were signed Monday.

Irving at the National Capital.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
WASHINGTON, March 5.—Irving opened Monday in Louis XI. to a fine audience, and was much applauded. Tuesday *The Bells* pushed the house, every seat having been sold before noon. Advance sales for other performances of the week are very large. Wyndham, at Ford's, is drawing good houses. He has had very heavy competition during his two weeks' stay, but has held his own.

At the Comique the usual fine variety programme is drawing good houses.

The report that Manager Abbey is ill at the Arlington, published by one of our papers, is not true.

The Smoky City.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
PITTSBURGH, March 5.—The Planter's Wife opened the week at Library Hall to a large house. Emily Rigl, of course, carried off the honors of the performance.

The Opera House was dark and dreary on Monday evening. The *Romany Rye* combination could not get its scenery to the city in time to open. On Tuesday evening everything was all right, and Brooks and Dickson's best road piece opened to a large and enthusiastic audience.

Evans, Bryant and Hoey are the attraction at the Academy for the present week. On Monday evening it was a difficult matter to obtain a seat half an hour after the opening of the doors.

The opening of Harris' New Museum, on Monday evening, was a conspicuous event in amusement circles in this city. This house, formerly the Fifth Avenue Lyceum, has been heretofore a non-paying establishment. It is refreshing to know that such men as Managers Harris and Starr will hereafter be at its helm, and that, in consequence, success is assured. It is needless to say that the house was packed on the opening night.

The People's Theatre is again in a bad way, although the opening performance of the week (*Rightmire's Two Wonders*) was given to a good but top-heavy house. The salaries for the past week are yet in arrears, but the favorable outlook for business for the present week may set everything aright.

Miscellaneous.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
DANBURY, Ct., March 5.—Sol Smith Russell and company on Monday night presented *Edgewood Folks* for the third time in this city to a highly-delighted audience. The house was one of the largest of the season, standing-room only being sold early in the evening.

BUFFALO, March 5.—Perhaps the Lenten season lessened the attendance at the Academy of Music Monday night. There was only a fair house present, and no opposition. One of John A. Stevens' plays, *A Woman's Revenge*, with Marie Prescott as the star, was the attraction. The Adelphi visitors do not wear so much smock. They packed the theatre Monday to see Dan Sully's *Corner Grocery*, a model after *Pek's* urbin. It proved amusing in its humorous style.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 5.—Shook and Collier's company opened Monday night in *Light's* London, at Low's, before a fair-sized audience. The company is not as good as that of last year.

La Vie.

The Bijou management decline to name the principals of the cast of *La Vie*, although the cast was almost ready for production. By the way, among the applicants for position in the company have been members of the

best families in the land, and consequently the management have set about engaging a company with social status in view. Two ladies are engaged whose names were very prominent in Washington society about three years ago, since which time they have been in Europe. One will have a speaking part in *La Vie*; the other will sing in the chorus. This society craze has revolutionized things at the Bijou rehearsals.

Singing Artists.

It is a noteworthy fact, says the *London Stage*, that the very best singers are often incompetent as actors. In using the word "singers" here, we allude to that class only who appear on the stage, for, of course, it is quite unnecessary that the ordinary concert-singer should be an actor. Whether in grand opera or in comic opera it would be the merest compliment to regard as actors of much merit many of the artists known to the public as possessing good voices; but this is more apparent in comic opera, nor need we go very far to account for the general fact. The possessor of a good voice, as a rule, until too late, bestows but little attention upon any other acquirements, knowing full well that a cultivated voice of superior quality is in itself nowadays the equivalent of a fortune. Nor, perhaps, do most of our stage singers, except in grand opera, begin their careers with the intent of appearing as such, but rather as concert-singers, the adoption of the stage being an after-thought. It is in these cases principally that the want of histrionic art is most apparent, and the cause is almost obvious. It could hardly be expected that an artist having already gained the public ear as a competent singer should, ere venturing to accept a singing part in comic opera, pass through all the initial drudgery almost inseparable from a thorough stage education. It would be altogether too much to expect this, and yet it is about the only way we know to acquire that thorough stage knowledge without which acting is rarely acquired by anyone. We do not doubt that most of those comic-opera singers who appear such bad actors strive their very best to acquire the branch of their art in which they find themselves wanting, but it is too late. They should have acquired both the acting and the singing knowledge together. In grand opera this is usually the case, and hence there is a larger proportion of grand operatic artists who can act than is the case in comic opera or opera bouffe. For both the latter, almost anyone who has a trained voice seems him or herself fully competent. This is the mistake, and it is a mistake soon made apparent. As a matter of fact, taking the United Kingdom right through, we have but one or two tenor artists who can give any good account of their acting. It seems the peculiar stumbling-block of a tenor more particularly than is apparent of any other voice. Even in grand opera it is too often the same. The tenors cannot act. It is an old cry, and it seems fully corroborated by experience, but it is rather strange that it should be so, and certainly we have never had any logical excuse offered in extenuation beyond the one already given—i.e., they do learn to sing and they do not learn to act. Now, since it is never too late to mend, perhaps there is yet a good time coming in this respect. Maybe the new generation of tenors will profit by the bad example of the past and learn to act as well as to sing. "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The recent action at law where a tenor most rightly recovered heavy damages for wrongful dismissal brought to light some novel incidents in connection with singers. One witness made the absurd statement that a bass voice is much improved in tone if the singer have a cold. Now we have a very high estimation, both as actor and singer, of the gentleman who said that, but since he thinks a cold valuable for deep-note singers we recommend him to try his best to "catch a cold" before he next sings in public, and so find out the practical effects of what he so curiously recommends; but we trust he will let us know the occasion when he is likely to make the experiment, that we may abstain from what is always otherwise a pleasure, viz., being there to see and hear him. Someone else bore testimony to the effect that good tenors do not sing out of tune. The absurd nonsense. Why, the more delicately pure is the mechanism of production, the more liable is it to dogmatism on the most trifling provocation. It is only the merest fool who does not know that a pure tenor voice is the most delicate and most easily affected of all voices, and that the finest tenor singer that ever lived cannot be depended upon to sing with equal precision and effect on any two occasions. The fact is that pure tenor voices are so rare that few people who have not given the matter of voice the closest study know anything about them; but then folks will not admit their ignorance, and consequently, as soon as they open their mouth, why, they put their feet in it. It is very easy for the best vocalist to sing slightly out of tune without knowing it, when that very false singer would detect on the instant another's singing out of tune in the most remote degree. Some singers have little or no knowledge of the precise effect of their own voice, and yet they possess "a good ear" for learning music and for criticising it. One of the great difficulties of singing chromatic passages accurately lies in the fact that to get the semitones perfectly requires the most indefatigable practice, no matter how mechanically correct the singer's ear may be. Lengthy chromatic passages are sung by two out of three singers out of tune, without their knowing it. If we were a judge and jury, before whom funny things were said about singing, we would ask each expert witness to personally exemplify his peculiar notions there and then. We fancy this would rather *non plus* some of those people who airily gabble about what they only half understand. We have pointed out before in this paper that while people learn to sing, and sing well, they know literally nothing about the actual production of voice, and this was fully well proven at the trial to which we have been referring.

From Utility to Leading Business.

"Utility? and what is that?" languidly asks the elegant young lady who is so celebrated in the drawing-rooms of her friends for her very charming recitations, and who, probably, with the career of Mary Anderson at that moment recurring to her, would construe the word "actress" thus: "the young lady who plays all the first parts in the pieces, don't you know." "Utility? What? Who? Why? What? That?" Of a certainty very little to the gorgeous be, or vainglorious she, who, waking up one morning with a bad which they have unfortunately the means of indulging, curse that very difficult and sorely beset profession called Dramatic by letting themselves very gently down into the waters of the histrionic sea, float thereon, buoyed up by a balloon of greenbacks, for a brief space, and then, Heaven be praised, collapse, and are no more heard of. If that were all! But it isn't. These balloons, of which the outer skin is greenbacks and the supporting gas concert (the most buoyant of all gases, by the way, and capable of sustaining an almost incredible weight), unfortunately do a considerable amount of harm for the brief periods during which most of them bob about. They unsettle honest workers who are studiously toiling along the road to knowledge. There are no tram-cars, carriages, or other means of accelerating locomotion on this line. The dandish aristocrat on this track is a humble unity like the rest of our common humanity and has to trust to himself or herself for the progress made. For an instant the balloon troubles the plodder; then time is lost in speculating (only so long as the balloon floats) if the station "Knowledge" at the end of the road is worth reaching. Finally the steady worker resumes work.

There was a time when the actor or actress who started (to use a very original metaphor) in pursuit of a goal called "leading business" would commence from one of two stations—"super" or "utility." If the would-be artist possessed a fair education, he would probably be permitted to commence at the latter of these two points of departure. Then, step by step, yard by yard he would travel, creeping thus from "utility" to "second walking gentlemen;" thence to "second low comedy," "first walking gentlemen" or "second old men and character," according to tastes, disposition, or—oddly enough, always the last thing considered this—physical peculiarities; then "juveniles," "character," "light comedy," "first old men," finally, "leading business." Naturally, what applies to a man will apply to a woman throughout this chat of "the times that were."

It took never less than seven and often twelve years to traverse this long *chemin*. With many the road became a treadmill, owing invariably to laziness, over which one of two invisible sign-boards became invariably fixed—"second old men" or "utility." It would not be difficult to quote, even in the present day, many creatures who began, lived and died "utility merchants."

In the old days professing a line of business was a very serious matter. It meant knowing every legitimate part in the line, and a considerable proportion of the best-known and most frequently-played pieces on Lacy's—now French's—list besides. Then if an artist aspired to take a run to the next station he would, before playing any of the parts he would meet there, have to be up in the words and have a decent general idea of the business of the new parts. The first season an artist took a step, it almost always meant an average of only three or four hours' sleep per night during the season, for six new parts a week, even if the aspiring artist had some notion of the words, meant wet towels and strong tea for an hour or two every night after the usual performance.

The combination system has so long been in vogue now on both sides of the brook that actors who may still venture to try the "gushers," and have been through the mill, as we used to call it, must be getting rare. Having, during a period of some fourteen years, scrambled over this road more or less creditably, I have thought that my experiences, being those of real life, might if I could contrive to put them on paper and avoid the terrible temptation to lying, prove at all events moderately entertaining; the more so as I have come across a goodly number of celebrated people, and venture to think I could tax my memory successfully enough to talk of them as I found them. Well, I will promise to speak truthfully; farther, I will try and chatter amusingly.

Charles Matthews and his last wife were of course alive when I made my start. Now I don't propose to help my memory an atom by referring to newspapers or memoranda. I have nothing of the kind here. I'll just dive and flounder about catching what threads of recollections I can seize and tie them together. Let me add I only need the pen of a Sala or Winter to make these papers by no means the least interesting portions of this very able and comprehensive newspaper; for I have met in my time quite a number of eminent people.

I have said Charles Matthews was alive when I became afflicted with "cacothetes walk-the-boards." His wife—wasn't she a Mrs. Davenport?—a woman—I can see her now—of a marvellous figure. I can even tell the ladies what she wore. At this time remember velvet dresses were not worn. 'Twas the crinoline epoch. Lots of gathers round the waist, hoops, and I presume masses of under-skirts—yes, masses of under-skirts! As a boy, I can distinctly remember my mother discharging a servant because, as she informed my aunt confidentially when she thought I was safely asleep in bed, "the rude creature only wore four under petticoats"—instead of the regulation six!

Well, you can easily imagine how Mrs. Charles Matthews fell upon my unaccustomed gaze, when I say she was dressed in a lavender muslin delaine gown, which clung close to her exquisite figure.

I have heard Charles Matthews was severely horsewhipped on account of Mrs. Davenport. As I remember her, I would willingly have been licked once a week for her sake.

About this time I casually met an Irish family, living in very good style in Brompton. The sons knew numberless artists of all kinds, Charles Matthews among others. Mausel was the name of this family. Under the name of

Maitland the two sons, later on, imported French opera bouffe to London, bringing over Hervé in *Chilperic*, and introducing Mme. Selina Dolato for the first time to the London public. A friend of one of these boys, William (William is a gardener in Brompton now!) offered to further my views by taking and introducing me to the Matthews'. Naturally I was overjoyed. We (this friend, myself and the Mausel boys) accordingly called one Sunday afternoon. Old Charlie was there, in a dressing-gown as usual, grey, bound with blue; though it was reception time, the customary cigar, a vile and simply stinking weed and nothing else, between his lips. This he smoked as if he enjoyed it, his intimates declaring that one cigar was just as good as another to Matthews.

Edmund Yates was a visitor that day. The conversation turned on Black Sheep, a comedy drama which Yates was then preparing for the Matthews' to produce at the Olympic. (By the way, it was a terrible failure, and I think Yates has never written for the stage since.) Matthews had to be a villain. There were numerous other visitors, among them old Mr. Planché.

Well, to return to Mrs. Matthews. This is a pleasure. Her figure was one of those sort of things no fellow could forget. I saw her again many years after at the Strand Theatre, London. Her hair was then fair rather than golden, and *sicilabile dicta*, quite thick! I leave my readers to account for this phenomenon in any way they please.

To return to my call. Mrs. Matthews said a few civil things, as did her husband, and it was arranged that I was to go again on some future day and read or recite something to them. I never did go. I never spoke to either of them again. My reason was, perhaps, a ridiculous one. I found out that the man who had kindly introduced me to the Matthews' and seemed likely to render me considerable service, was a deuced "bad hat," to use an English slang expression, and I did not choose in those days to be under obligation to a man I should have felt ashamed to have been seen about with. *Done*, the Matthews' count for nothing in my dramatic start. The genuine "send off" may well serve for my second paper. I cannot, however, resist the opportunity to tell a story which indicates, with almost startling depth, one characteristic trait of Matthews', besides indicating several others. Also let me say what I have heard of his character from opposite quarters. When I was at the Olympic (London) under the Listons I had a dresser who had been a superintendent under the Vestris management at the Lyceum. Mme. Vestris was one of Matthews' wives, his first, if I remember rightly. Hawkins, the dresser in question, was quite a character. He was one of those persons who spoke incorrectly under the impression that his English was quite perfect. I can give a close resemblance to his own words. "Mr. Matthews, Sir, was a cre-welk gentleman; he 'ed no h-h-heart, Sir, or feelin's whatsever. I've known him of a Saturday night walk bout of the stage-door with Mme. Vestris, wrapped in a fur cloak worth 'undreds, Mr. Matthews a caryin' the daws as lived hon sponge cakes into her carriage, when 'ee 'edn't paid us por suppers for weeks. Mr. Raum, Sir, it was crewelle."

So much for Mr. Hawkins' opinion of the best light comedian of the century. Wandering once in the Leadenhall Market, London—a famous place to obtain game at, in and out of season—I came across a salesman there who told me a curious anecdote of the way Matthews once let him in for a pretty heavy bill for "birds." Charlie was great on dinner parties. My Leadenhall friend was the great game-man in the market. The best in the market was always good enough for Charlie, so he favored my friend with his custom, but never by any chance paid poor Jones' bills. On the day in question Charlie drives down to the market about two o'clock with empty pockets, but with a cheery manner which seldom deserted him under any combination of misfortunes. The anecdote may now well continue in dialogue form.

Matthews—"Ah! Jones, good morning; how are you?"

Jones—"With a broad grin." "Mornin', Mr. Matthews; 'ope you're well, sir."

Matthews—"First rate; never better Jones. What have you got?"

Jones—"With a chuckle." "Three or four brace o' pheasants, sir."

Matthews—"No! 'Twas, of course, during the prohibited months. You're a wonderful man, Jones. Let's have a look." The birds are brought and Matthews duly inspects.

Jones—"They're splendid birds, sir, but a terrible price."

Matthews—"Digging his fingers into the feathers of bipeds." "Yes, of course, Jones, you're a marvel. I'll take 'em all. Bring 'em along to the brougham, Jones, and I'll take 'em home with me."

Jones—"Yes, sir." (Taking up the birds and weighing them in his hands, evidently embarrassed.) "Yes, sir, they're a terrible price; so scarce, you know, sir."

Matthews—"Never mind, Jones—luxuries can't be had for nothing. I don't complain of the price." (It will be observed that the distinguished mummer had not even asked the cost of the coveted luxuries. "Bring 'em along," and he started for his carriage.)

Jones—"Desperately." "Mr. Matthews—sir," (the comedian pauses) "you'll excuse me, I know, but your account is very heavy."

Matthews—"Glad of it, Jones. You're a worthy fellow. It's a pleasure to me to patronize you."

Jones—"Thank you, sir; but you see, I've got a family to support. I must ask you for a little money, sir."

Matthews—"Certainly, only right. Send you a check to-morrow."

Jones—"Yes, sir, I know; you've sent me checks before, sir; but they have not been paid."

Matthews—"God bless my soul! You don't say so! Why didn't you send me word?"

Jones—"Why, sir, my lawyer's suing you on three of 'em now."

Matthews (with an appearance of infinite astonishment)—"Jones, you absolutely flabbergasted me. You shall have notes—bank notes—to-morrow, Jones, on my honor. Come along"—with an attempted forward movement.

Jones (desperately, and getting very red in the face)—"Mr. Matthews! Sir, I can't let those birds go without the cash, sir!"

Matthews—"Oh! You refuse me another pound or two's credit for twenty-four hours, do you? Very well, Jones. I won't complain—only I am ill; my doctor gently told me only yesterday I could not last many months. He prescribed good nourishing food, game, little things I could fancy. I thought I might

impose on your good nature, on your humanity, as it was a matter of life and death. Never mind, Jones, I forgive you [his voice full of emotion]. Good-bye, Jones, good-bye, and God bless you." And the comedian slowly descended the avenue of stalls leaning heavily on his thin umbrella and coughing in a manner pitiable to listen to. Barely had he reached and entered his carriage than Jones was at the door very red in the face, a tear trembling in the corner of either eye, and the coveted birds in his arms. "Take 'em, Mr. Matthews," gasped the winded, but warm-hearted poulterer; "You given me too many good laughs for me to 'ave your death at my door. Take 'em," throwing the birds in at the window, "I don't care if I never get the money for 'em."

Jones hurried away. Matthews had game for dinner.

He was wont to admit that he was a very bad hand at pathos; that if he tried to be pathetic he always got the bird. Probably he was not thinking of Jones and his pheasants! R.A.M.

Professional Doings.

—W. E. Sheridan is coming East again.

—Kate Claxton appears in St. Louis on March 9.

—Ambrose Leech will join the Rajah company in May when it goes to California.

—M. W. Hanley is looking after another attraction to succeed McSorley's *Inflation*.

—Julian Mitchell has made a hit as Seth Peene in the *Eastern Lights* of London company.

—Gus Bothner joined the Knights on Monday as their advance agent. Business continues good with them.

—Charlotte Thompson has been pretty successful this season on the road. If her health continues good she will prolong her season.

—Ruby St. Quinten is not meeting with success in her starring tour. Her friends have written from England, urging her to return there, but she declines.

—Several changes will be made in the Confusion company when it goes on the road, as some of the members decline to travel. Harry St. Maur is threatened with an injunction by Stetson if he does not continue.

—Max Freeman and W. S. Rising met late the other night at the Coleman House and soon fell out respecting the talents of a certain actress. Blows ensued, which resulted in a black eye for Rising. Freeman seems to have a facility for getting into brawls.

—Harry Marshall and Alfred Thompson have completed and submitted a drama to Mr. Frohman for Mr. Mantell. Mr. Frohman likes the piece, which is called *Clit Wings*, but Mr. Mantell does not, so the work will probably be returned to the authors.

—The Mayor of New York, although a shareholder in the Casino, is taking action to suppress the sale of drink in the house. Harry Miner was recently threatened with arrest unless he ceased the sale of liquors in the auditorium of the Eighth Avenue Theatre.

—A resolution has been introduced in the Board of Aldermen to fine ticket speculators for playing their trade in front of theatres. The fine proposed is \$25 for each offence. The resolution was referred to the Law Committee. The speculators pay a heavy license fee.

—The suit of Mrs. Crossley, proprietress of the Hotel Abbotsford, against H. W. Ellis, was on Monday dismissed by Judge Brown, with costs. Mr. Ellis has brought suit against Mrs. Crossley for false imprisonment, laying damages at \$5,000. While in dress he finished a five-act play.

—Bandmann's Shakespearean tour will commence at Milwaukee, March 23, thence West to 'Frisco, playing the extreme Western States and Territories. The company will comprise Louise Baudet, Miss Verony, Messrs. Kelard, Benson, Hamilton, Elton and Mortimer. Dave Peyser will be the agent.

—The Theatrical Mechanical Association of New York and Brooklyn hold their eighteenth annual ball at Tammany Hall, on Easter Tuesday, April 15. Tickets are to be had at all the theatres. It is a mutual benefit society, which provides a weekly stipend for sick members and \$100 for funeral expenses.

—The following people have been engaged for The Queen's Evidence company: Florence Noble, Harry Jackson, Lulu Jordan, Elie Hamilton, Ada Wilson, Little Neddie Mallon, Gra. J. Henderson, William L. Gleason, William H. Meeker, H. P. Keen, E. C. Coyle, E. Clarke, Ed. Turner and Charles Goodwin.

—E. E. Zimmerman and E. A. Locke have secured John Brougham's Lottery of Life and are forming a company to present it. The part of Terry the Swell, made famous by Brougham, will be undertaken by Mr. Locke. A number of vaudeville specialists will be introduced in the concert-hall scene.

—The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival for 1894 will be given, from present outlook, during final week of April, and it is proposed that the list of stars shall include Booth, Irving, Keene, Warde, Nat Goodwin, Robinson and Crane.

Fanny Davenport, Ellen Terry and Agnes Booth. It will be observed in the above list that the names of McCullough and Barrett, both prominent actors in the 83 festival, are conspicuously absent. The Festival directors are to all intents in quest of bigger game for current season in the persons of Booth and Irving.

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Sam Harrison, manager of *Shipped by the Light of the Moon*, reports that his business has been phenomenal. His company has just finished one of the longest and most profitable engagements ever played in San Francisco. It lasted ten weeks and is said to have drawn \$25,000. The party is now in Cincinnati. Thence they play until the close of the season—June 1—in week stands, the tour altogether covering twenty-six consecutive week engagements.

Archie Gunter commences rehearsals for D. A. M. next week. John Henson will enact a leading character in *Lady Clare* runs and if Mr. Wallack will lend him. Mr. Frankau, of the Madison Square, the inimitable *Doctor in Confusion*, has been offered an important part. For the future Mr. Gunter will follow Mr. Campbell's advice and manage his own plays.

Confusion turns out, after all, to be taken from the French. A well-known manager has recently purchased a very clever adaptation of the original and is negotiating with Harry St. Maur, who plays the principal part in *Confusion*, to star in the new play next season. This actor leaves Mr. Stetson. There's a difference of "Dollars and Sense" between them.

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